EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II.— No. 13. BOSTON, MARCH 6, 1887. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY COUSIN KATE.

I WONDER how many of the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY have a dear grandmother, and think going to see her the best fun in the world? When I was a wee thing, like Gretchen in the picture, the whole family left home for grandmother's house just as soon as school closed in summer. I remember that one of our very first visits was always made to the garden to hunt for "little cheeses." Do you know what "little cheeses" are? They grow on a plant called a mallow, and are very good to eat.

In the nursery at grandma's was a long dark closet, running in under the eaves. Grandfather used to put on the floor heaps of a very early apple. It was small and yellow, with red specks on the skin. We children thought no other fruit could taste half so good as that little yellow apple.

Gretchen is evidently very fond of trotting about after her grandmother, and doing everything that she does. Just now grandmother is mending grandfather's socks; so Gretchen must have her sewing-work, and sit on the little bench by grandmother's side.

Doll Rosalie lies forgotten on the floor; and Snipkins, the frolicsome kitty, is unwinding grandmother's ball.

Gretchen thinks no one so good and wise as her grandmother. May she always feel so; for grandmother is worthy of her reverence! She has lived many years a kind and loving life, and has never been weary in doing for others.

I once heard a boy speak very rudely to his grandmother, and it made me sad; and I once heard a little girl complain because she was asked to do some favor for a dear, feeble old grandfather.

Children, the day will come, all too soon, when you will no longer have the opportunity to care for the old. Before we realize it, God bears them gently away to grow young again in His home, where no sickness or death can chill the loving heart and ready hand. If we have to remember, after they are gone, that we were impatient, unobliging, unkind, what a painful memory it will be!

Let us do the loving deed before it is too late.

Dear heart, so quick to feel my little woes,
Dear hand, so ready with its soft caress,
Dear arms, in trouble-time my refuge sweet,
Dear voice, raised but to comfort and to bless,

I dream of your swift magic for my fears,
While back and forth Time's busy shuttles go;
But you have vanished from my wistful sight,
And o'er your resting-place the violets grow.

Oh, do you think of me in that fair land,
And onward still my heedless footsteps guide?
Forgive, I pray, the errors of the child,
And let me, as of old, walk by thy side.

VIRTUE does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo! the jagged atoms will fit like smooth mosaic.

FOR THE BOYS.

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state is n't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. It has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so if boys are to become useful and educated men, they must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron does n't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is! Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch-spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood.

Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter. — *Selected.*

SOME OTHER BOYS.

THE "rough-and-tumble" Sunday-school class is— boys, of course. That is, their clothing is boys' size, but their behavior in class is only baby size. Tom, dear little cherub in a piccadilly collar, thinks that his elbow was intended for a battering-ram, and so rams it into Harry's side. Harry, sweet little innocent of twelve, twines his loving playful fingers in Willie's back hair in a way that starts him from his seat. Fred is too tired to sit alone, and so uses Charlie for a pillow. Charlie talks by making signs, and informs him of his mistake by a sharp pinch, which Fred resents by a slap; and while the teacher is trying to quiet them, the superintendent pausing in his reading, his eye fixed on them, Tom and Harry are fighting a pitched battle with their hats. The teacher wonders what she shall do with such a class. Perhaps a nursing-bottle and a bib would quiet these twelve-year-old babes. Perhaps they will begin to want to act like men; and if they do, it will not be hard to learn how. — *Our Morning Guide.*

"DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY."

BY CORA AGNES BENNESON.

"OH, dear," sighed Jennie, as she threw her hat and books pell-mell on the sitting-room table and sank into a comfortable rocking-chair, after coming home from school one warm day in June, "I'm so glad it is Friday afternoon! Now I shall have rest for two whole days, and nothing to do but amuse myself. Let me see, — what will be the most fun? Oh, I have it!" And a sudden thought changed the listless look into one of animation. "An archery match, — just the thing."

Somehow this idea seemed an unusually pleasant one to Jennie; for hurrying on her hat again with a rapidity which secured it effectually in a hard knot, she began at once to carry out the bows and arrows, which she placed temptingly on the lawn.

"Now," thought Jennie, "if I can only find some one to play with me, I shall have a delightful time."

Far down in the meadow she could see Willie busily at work. What was he doing? Ah, she remembered now: to-day he expected to finish his wigwam.

Willie was the genius of the family. He had always some new scheme in his brain. Last week he spent in trying to construct a wonderful pendulum which was to evolve the secret of perpetual motion; then a telephone and a fountain-pen occupied him for a few days, followed by plans for a new kind of velocipede. Poor Willie! he never lost faith as one experiment after another failed, but was eager to try something fresh. During the spring he had been reading "Robinson Crusoe," and was now building himself a hut. He had informed the family that after he retired for the summer he wished no one to speak to him, and that he intended to occupy himself in training birds and taming snakes. He had taken with him a large Newfoundland dog, which he named "Friday," and which was to bring his food to him in a basket from the house. So when Jennie saw Willie busy hammering and sawing in the hot sun she knew it would be useless to ask him to play with her; besides, he always invented so many new ways in every game that he seldom finished one.

Then she went in search of the rest of the family, for no one else was in sight. On the door of her own room she found a note pinned, and directed in large text to

MiS JENNiE RAThBY

She opened it and read: —

DEER JENNiE

we hAVe All gone to SeA gRANDMA eggSePT NED AND willie. we wuNT Bee BACk Til SuPPeRTiMe-

MARY

Jennie thoughtfully twirled the little paper in her fingers a few seconds, and then turned to seek Ned.

Now Ned and Jennie, besides being brother and sister, were the best of friends. It is true they often had slight skirmishes, which for the time threatened disaster to their friendship, and they sometimes declared that "they would never speak to each other again;" but as both were quick-witted, they generally came out from these engagements with mutual feelings of respect for each other's talents, and prepared to go on more harmoniously than ever. At present they happened to be on the best of terms; so when Jennie started in search of Ned she felt sure that he would second any enterprise she might propose. She went about the house cautiously, for Ned had a way of appearing when least expected, and she wished to seem not at all surprised, but to take it quite as a matter of course if he suddenly pounced upon her from behind some door. Nothing of this kind happened, however, to-day. Jennie looked, and called without receiving any answer. Then she strayed out into the garden, through the meadows bright with daisies, down to the pasture where the cows were standing knee-deep in the brook, lazily blinking in the cool shadows of the elms, and farther still to the old red barn. Here she paused, for somewhere overhead she heard a noise which sounded precisely like a big bumble-bee buzzing in a glass jar. She moved on softly till she stood directly under the trap-door which led to the hayloft. Yes, it was Ned's voice, and the sound she heard was "*bonùs, bonà, bonùm,*" as he galloped through the Latin adjective, giving a strong accent to each last syllable for the sake of emphasis. Jennie forgot her errand for a moment as she listened.

"Ned, Ned! I say Ned, that's not right!"

"Holloa, Jen, is that you?" And a freckled face and yellow head plentifully adorned with wisps of hay peered down at her from above. "Will you walk into my parlor?"

Now this was a very discreet invitation on Ned's part, as he had taken the precaution to draw the ladder up into his perch after ascending, and was literally master of his situation.

"You ought not to study your lesson in that way, Ned. You will be no end sorry when you get further along for having so many bad habits. Boys are so careless they — "

"I say, if you came here to preach, I guess I'll retire." And the yellow head vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"But I did n't. I only wanted to get you to play an archery match with me; and you will, won't you?"

"Can't. Want to go fishing to-morrow, and have to get my lessons for Monday, and write a composition besides."

Jennie wondered at this unusual conduct on Ned's part; she had never known him to study on Friday afternoon before. She considered it prudent, however, to make no comments, but to try coaxing.

"Ned, I'll do anything for you, if you only will come. Please, do now. I'm so lonesome! That's a good boy."

"Why don't you tell me something new? Of course I'm a good boy; everybody knows that. Why don't you say I 'm a bea-*u*-tiful boy?" And the freckled face appeared again, as if to verify the last questionable assertion.

"Well, then," said Jennie, hesitating, but willing to concede a little for the sake of gaining her point, "you 're a bea-*u*-tiful boy, — that is, you would be, if you were not so freckled and your nose were not so snubby and your mouth so tremendous. There now, come!"

"Well," said Ned reflectively, "on second thoughts, considering you are so very flattering and present so many inducements, I guess I — *won't.*" And the yellow head was again withdrawn; while all further solicitation on Jennie's part failed to get any answer, except the monotonous "*bonùs, bonà, bonùm.*"

Jennie walked slowly back to the lawn, which did not look nearly so attractive as before. She aimed a few arrows; but her only spectator was a white rooster which had strayed out of the hen-yard, and which stood on one claw contemplatively watching her with bright eyes, while he gave a lusty crow when her last shot hit the target close to the centre. Then she sat down on a low flight of steps leading to the house and listlessly gazed about her. The day was full of sunshine. There was sunshine on the roses climbing upon the lattice over her head; sunshine flickered in the waters of the creek, glistened on the back of a little bird swinging upon a maple bough, and called into activity myriads of insects that had not before ventured from their winter hiding-places. Yet in all this world of warmth and beauty there was one spot where the sun had not penetrated, — the mind of the little girl who sat lazily poking with her foot the hills which the ants had been raising between the bricks of the pavement.

Yes, just at this moment Jennie considered herself a very miserable little girl; for had she not been disappointed in what she most desired? She had studied closely all the week with the hope of enjoying herself when Friday afternoon came; and how had she been rewarded? She had missed a visit to grandma's, which was always a great treat to her; and now there was no one at home to play with her, and she was lonesome and unhappy. Why was it that people must work so hard in order to obtain a little pleasure, and then so often miss it? She thought of Ned in the hayloft, studying all the afternoon in order to have a little fun to-morrow, and of Willie toiling always in search of success which never came. Troubles have a curious way of growing if you give them the least indulgence; and so it happened that Jennie, by dwelling upon her own griefs and those of other people, soon shut her mind away from all the sunshine and splendor of that glorious summer afternoon, while a frown began to settle upon her forehead.

"It is very clear I cannot have a good time this afternoon," she mused; "I can't do anything for myself."

"Why not do something for somebody else, then?" This thought followed so closely upon the other that Jennie started almost as if some one had spoken to her. I do not know what put it into her mind, — whether it was the little bird still singing on the maple bough over her head or some good fairy, — but certain it is that Jennie sprang up quickly from her seat on the steps, with the resolve, "I *will* do something for somebody." She gathered up her bows and arrows and went into the house again. As she entered the sitting-room she saw that it was in disorder, for the family had gone away hurriedly; so she quickly went to work setting things to rights and dusting the furniture carefully. Somehow her mother's sweet face came very pleasantly before her while she was engaged in this task. "How often mamma does this for us!" she thought.

She found Willie's scrap-book where he had left it with the pieces arranged for pasting; but his flour-and-water paste had quite dried up. It

required only a moment to mix some more and to fasten the pieces neatly in their places. Ned's foot-ball cap lay on the floor with a long rent in one of its seams. Jennie sewed it up, and fastened the thread strongly at the end. Poor Mary, who found both spelling and arithmetic very difficult, had on her slate a hard example in Long Division, which showed that she had rubbed her work out and begun again many times, seeking the answer in vain. Jennie deftly corrected the mistakes, and put the right figures in the quotient. Then she picked up some spilt beads, and found the horse-hairs with which Hattie, her little five-year-old sister, had been trying to make a bead ring. Jennie strung the blue and white beads in the prettiest fashion, and made a circle which she thought would fit Hattie's finger.

Everything in the sitting-room was now in its proper place; so Jennie went into the dining-room to set the table. She would do something for each member of the family, — she would not forget even Rika, the girl. She had just put on the last dish, and was surveying her work with pleased satisfaction, when she heard the sound of the carriage and ran to the front gate to meet the family.

"Why, who has put the room in order? It was not so when we left it," said mother, as she entered the sitting-room. "I thought on the way home how disorderly it would be, and I felt almost too tired to set it to rights before evening."

"Somebody has finished my ring! See how nicely it fits!" cried Hattie, slipping it on her chubby forefinger, and surveying it with admiration.

"And somebody has put the right answer on my slate!" said Mary.

At that moment Willie entered, bringing his tools from the meadow. His eyes fell on the scrap-book. "Why, who finished pasting my pieces?" asked he. "They are put in splendidly!"

No one answered; and Jennie, who saw her mother glance towards her with a happy expression in her face, bent her head over the evening newspaper which she had taken up, so that the rest could not see the color which was creeping into her face. "I have been doing so little for people all my life that they don't even suspect it is I," she thought. "I wonder I never tried to help before."

Rika now appeared from the dining-room with wonder in her eyes. "Somebody, ma'am, has been a-settin' my table since I went away! Whoever could it be? Every plate and napkin is in its right place. I'm much obligeed to 'em, ma'am, whoever it is."

Jennie was glad that Ned came in just then, and she quickly changed the subject by asking him, "Is your composition done?"

"Yes, and I tell you it's a fine one. The last sentence has n't any nominative case. But, I say, Jen, it would n't do to have it too perfect, now, would it? There would n't be anything for the master to correct. Hulloa! Somebody has been mending my ball-cap!"

"Yes," said mother, "I think some good fairy has been at work here for us all;" and when she added softly to Jennie, so that no one else heard, "I am very proud of my helpful little daughter," don't you think Jennie felt happier than if she had had her archery match? I do.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether.

BERTIE'S PROMISE.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

"Mamma, Mamma, may I go and see Fred? Please let me. He asked me, and I want to very much."

"Yes; but I want you to be at home by five o'clock."

"I'll come home by five, Mamma;" and away went Bertie in high spirits.

The afternoon seemed very short; but three minutes before five, Bertie's mother, sitting at the front window, saw him coming up the road.

"That's right, dear," she said, as he came in. "I am glad my boy can be trusted to keep his word. You've had a good time, have n't you?"

Bertie answered yes, but looked rather sober, she thought.

"I meant to mind you, and keep my promise, he added; "but it was hard this time."

"Why this time more than others?" she asked. "It's never very easy, is it, for boys to leave off playing?"

"Well, no, I guess not," answered Bertie, slowly, "unless they're hurt, or cross, or something. But I'll tell you, Mamma. I did want to stay so much, and I thought you'd let me if you knew. Fred showed me his bunnies, — they're beauties, Mamma, — and a new story-book he had for a birthday present; he's going to lend it to me when he's read it through. And oh, Mamma, he has a magic lantern! His grandma sent it to him. And he could n't show that, he said, — I don't know 'zac'ly why, — till evening. He wanted me to stay to tea, and his mother asked me, too, — said she'd 'spected me, — and their Uncle Frank is going to show the lantern magics after tea. They won't show in daytime, Fred says. What are they, Mamma, any way? You see they have to spread something like a great sheet on the wall, and have the room dark, and the thing lighted. Oh, I don't know 'zac'ly, but it makes pictures somehow on the wall. Such funny things! Fred says, — he's seen it, — there's a bear and a Kate Greenaway and a boat and some monkeys and camels and Indians, and ever so many! I did want to see it, and I thought you'd let me if you knew; but I'd said I'd come home, and so I did."

"I see it was hard for you, my boy," said his mother. "I shall trust you more than ever, now."

"But why don't we have supper, Mamma? I'm hungry. What makes you sit at the window so long? Why, there's a carriage stopping here!"

What made Mamma look so strange? She started up, her face flushed, and her eyes were full; but she did n't look sorry, — no, not a bit! And Bertie never saw her go to the door so quickly before.

Some one jumped out, — some one that Bertie, as well as Mamma, was very glad to see. Papa had come home, safe and well, from a long journey he had been making in Europe.

"Why did n't you tell me, Mamma?" asked Bertie, that night.

"I was not sure," she answered. "I thought Papa would be home to tea to-night; but if I had told you, and he had not come, you would have been very much disappointed. Do you think now you would rather have stayed with Fred?"

"Not for a thousand magic lanterns!" Bertie answered.

History and Biography.

GOOD QUEEN ANNE.

BY LORAINE P. BUCKLIN.

The name of this English Queen has often been heard in America of late years. "Queen Anne" cottages have been built in every part of it. They are full of odd nooks and turns, wide fire-places, pretty balconies and piazzas, and are suggestive of comfort and the exercise of individual tastes in furnishing. Queen Anne was well-known to possess all the domestic virtues; she was a good wife, a devoted mother, and a fond friend; and it seems very appropriate that a style of architecture combining so many qualities needful for a home, should be named for "good Queen Anne," as her people loved to call her.

Queen Anne ascended the throne of England in 1702, when she was thirty-eight years old, and reigned thirteen years. She was a woman of quiet domestic tastes; loved her home circle, a good game of cards, conversation in which stories of court gossips formed a part, and disliked the responsibilities of royalty, often complaining that she was a "crowned slave." She was kind-hearted and gracious in manner, and her private charities were large. Her favorite amusement was hunting; and when her great size prevented her from riding after the hounds, she used to go to the hunt in a one-horse chaise with high wheels built expressly for this purpose.

Her reign marks an important era in English History, and was remarkable for the number of literary men, whose lives and works shed a lustre over the early part of the eighteenth century. Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, men of genius and brilliant wit, whose names are familiar to all students of English literature, lived in Queen Anne's time; and we must not forget to add the name of Daniel De Foe, author of Robinson Crusoe, to this list of distinguished authors. Queen Anne never gave any marks of royal favor to the scholars who graced her reign, except Arbuthnot, who was court physician; and they owed the advancement of their fortunes to the patronage of rich noblemen. Scotland was united under one parliament with England in 1706, and Queen Anne was the first ruler who bore the title of Queen of Great Britain.

The wife of the great Duke of Marlborough held the position of mistress of robes in the Queen's household, and, it is said, tyrannized over her royal mistress until the yoke became too heavy to be borne, and she was dismissed from her office. Once when the Court went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, to return thanks publicly for a victory won by Marlborough, the poor Queen was scolded all the way by the Duchess, who rode in the same carriage with her, because she had not worn the jewels which the Duchess had chosen for her on this occasion. It must have been a difficult task for the poor Queen to bow pleasantly to the people who cheered her in the streets, when she was all the while hearing the violent reproaches of the Duchess.

Two acts of the Queen's public charity ought always to be told when her life is mentioned, as they reflect great credit on her memory. She gave one hundred thousand pounds of the royal revenue yearly for the benefit of the public, and gave to the Church the tax imposed at the time of the Crusades to support the Holy Wars.

He that praiseth himself spattereth himself.

Our Letter-Box.

We were pleased to receive Jennie's letter, which is given below, and glad to hear that she anticipates such a pleasant winter next year. Her account of the teacher she has had is certainly amusing, and we are afraid the scholars did not learn much under him. Other letters have been received from E. and A. L. Hirsh, Philip French (10 years old), Kathleen Warren (11 years old), and G. E. and O. H. McMurdie, containing correct answers to the puzzles in No. 10. Our readers do not forget the Letter-Box, you see, Jennie, though all the letters do not get into print. We hope to hear again from each of our correspondents.

Aiken, S. C., Jan. 23, 1887.

Dear Editor, — I have noticed that you do not have as many letters in your paper as you used to, so I thought I would write one. We enjoy reading the Every Other Sunday very much. I want to tell you about the school-teachers we have had here. One of them sat in his chair with his feet on the stove or desk and smoked his pipe; then, when it was time for one of the scholars to read, sometimes he would say, "Well, can't you read by yourself this morning? I want to read my paper." The other teachers were very good.

We have had more snow this winter than we have had in the seven years we have been here. The boys made sleds, and one of our neighbors made a sleigh out of a sled by putting a seat on to it. We are looking forward to next winter with great pleasure, for we shall be in New England. Good-by.

From your interested reader,

Jennie

CHARADE II.

MY FIRST.

A small, sharp instrument
That wields a mighty power, —
Greater than sword or armèd men,
Stronger than wall or tower.

MY SECOND.

A shrub that grows in eastern clime;
A drink that soothes and cheers;
Once to our country 't was the cause
Of bitterness and tears.

MY THIRD.

What shall I call my third?
It 's what we have to pay;
And 't is not always cash,
Nor checks, nor bills, they say.
It sometimes takes the form of tears,
Remorse, or illness sore;
'T is what we fear, yet do not count
When Pleasure stands before.

MY WHOLE.

"Are not these Galileans?" they cried,
Who heard the wondrous speech,
When Christ's disciples in all tongues
Began to talk and preach.
I was the day that heard that speech,
When people loudly cried,
And Peter said, "God has made Lord
Whom ye have crucified!"

ACROSTIC I.

1. A king of Israel, and patron and friend of David.
2. The first high-priest of the Israelites.
3. One of the three Israelites who taught Nebuchadnezzar to know the true God.
4. The mountain from which the Ten Commandments were given.
5. Ruth's sister-in-law.
6. A Syrian who was cured of the leprosy by Elisha.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

36. The harp, organ (Genesis iv. 21); timbrel, (Job xxi. 12); tabret (Isaiah xxiv. 8); pipe (1 Kings i. 40); psaltery, cornet, cymbals (2 Samuel vi. 5); viol (Amos vi. 5); sackbut, flute, and dulcimer (Daniel iii. 15).

37. The harp, flute, and cymbals were similar to our own. The organ was a wind instrument made of reeds. The pipe was like our flute. *Timbrel* and *tabret* are different translations of the same Hebrew word, the name of an instrument like our tambourine. Psaltery and viol were stringed instruments, similar to our guitar. The cornet was made of a ram's or chamois's horn. The sackbut was like our trombone. Nothing certain is known of the dulcimer, but some think it was like the bagpipe.

38. The harp.

39. Spinning and weaving. (See Exodus xxxv. 25, 26; Proverbs xxxi. 13, 24.)

40. They were tanners and dyers (Exodus xxxvi. 19), founders (Jeremiah vi. 29), goldsmiths (Exodus xxxix. 3), jewellers, workers in stone and wood, engravers (Exodus xxxi. 2, 6, xxxv. 33, 35), potters (1 Chronicles iv. 23), apothecaries (Nehemiah iii. 8), etc.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA X.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

For Youngest Readers.

DICK AND THE PINK PUPPY.

BY A. R. G.

IT was made of the brightest of pink cotton-flannel, and its jet-black eyes were the commonest of boot-buttons. It stood on the table with its legs rather far apart, its cotton ears hanging down, and its stuffed tail sticking up. Altogether, it was a very queer looking puppy.

Dick, the big house-dog, came in, and was going along slowly to his usual place by the fire, when he espied this wonderful animal. He stopped in amazement, at first; then he was lost in admiration. What beautiful creature was that on the table?

He went up closer. Then he sat down with his nose as near the table-edge as he could get it, and gazed. Next, he walked round the table; and finally he began to cry. Oh, if he could only have that beautiful creature to play with! Why did n't it come down from the table? He whined and cried, and finally settled down on the floor where he could look at the puppy, and there he stayed till his master called him to go out.

When he came home, Dick rushed into the sitting-room to see if the puppy was still there, and at once resumed his position on the floor, to watch it; lifting up his head every now and then, to whine and cry. Perhaps he was talking to the puppy. We could not tell; but we could see that he had fallen in love with it, and that he was very unhappy, as they say people in love are apt to be.

So the next day we went in search of another pink puppy, that he might have one of his own. But all the pink puppies had been sold, and we had to content ourselves with a red one. We did not think Dick would know the difference.

How little we understood him! To be sure, he took the red puppy and carried it carefully in his mouth to his bed, and seemed to take great pleasure in it, allowing no one to take it from him; but that did not keep him from gazing at the pink puppy with loving and longing eyes, nor from still crying for it. A red puppy was n't a pink one!

And it never was. Dick tended the red puppy and took it to bed with him till it was all worn out. Its legs and even its head had to be sewed on again and again, and its bright red covering became a dirty gray; but Dick never forgot the pink puppy. If it were even mentioned he would look sad, and one sight of it was enough to make him cry again, and almost forget that the red puppy — his own puppy — had ever existed. Poor Dick! Poor faithful lover! And all that affection wasted on a pink cotton-flannel puppy!

CHARLIE'S PRESENT.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MISS M. A. HALEY.

WHEN Charlie was about two years old, his Uncle Will gave him a little dog. The dog's name was Dick. Charlie lived in Concord, a few miles from Boston. One day his parents went to Boston and took Dick in the carriage with them. When they returned, Dick was missing. In a short time, however, he made his appearance at the door with a toy elephant in his mouth. When the door was opened he rushed to the nursery, where Charlie was sitting on the floor, and laid the toy in his lap.

How did the little dog know that toys were for babies?

Charlie's father remembered seeing a little boy playing on a stoop, as they rode towards Boston. He went to the house, and inquired if any of the children had lost such a plaything. He discovered a little boy there in great trouble, because a dog had jumped from a passing carriage, seized his pet elephant in his mouth, and ran off with it.

The little boy was made happy by a new toy in place of the one he had lost.

THE MELON-EATERS.

FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE STORY OF A RAISIN.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

It has occurred to me that perhaps it would be a good thing for me to tell something of my origin and history to that little fellow who always stops to gaze at me on his way to and from school. I suppose I look very plump and juicy lying here in the box with my mates, but I hardly like to have that little curly-haired boy think I was always as flat and dark as I look now. Ah, here he comes! Now I mean to speak to him.

So you think me rather an interesting object, do you, little boy? Well, if you were to sail across the broad ocean and then travel hundreds of miles beyond that, you would after a while find yourself in a country where the children would gaze at *you* and think what a foreign looking little object you were.

The first thing I can remember was when I found myself hanging on a stalk, one of a cluster of fine, delicious grapes. But how shall I describe to you the beauty of my far distant home! It was very warm and sunny compared with this cold clime, where I now find myself an object of merchandise and curiosity.

Away off, in the southern part of Europe, if you look on your map, you will find the country called Spain, and one of its provinces which is called Granada, and in this province is the town of Malaga. This town, which is quite a seaport, is the place where I first came to light. It is a very old place, beautifully situated on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and has fifty-two thousand inhabitants. It makes me proud to think of my lovely birthplace, and of how much importance it has been in times past, for it has been successively possessed by the Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Arabs.

I suppose a little schoolboy like you knows perfectly well that away back in the year 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered America; and I suppose, too, you have been taught that the Spanish king and queen, Ferdinand and Isabella, really furnished Columbus with the means of sailing off on his voyage of discovery. Well, still longer ago than that, in 1487, Ferdinand and Isabella wrested my native town of Malaga from the Moors, after a siege of three months; and from the earliest ages, no matter what nation has possessed it, Malaga has been famous for its commerce, — that is, for its shipping interests.

Why, from the tall poles where I grew, gathering ripeness and sweetness day by day, I have watched great vessels coming up loaded with heavy broadcloths, cottons, and all kinds of laces and fine goods; others would come laden with sweet spices, while still others would bring articles of hardware and cutlery. And when these vessels would leave the harbor and sail for other ports, they would carry wine, grapes, muscatel raisins, — the nicest kind, — almonds, figs, lemons, olive oil, brandy, anchovies, and lead. The value of the different exports sent out each year from my native town amounted to a million pounds sterling, or nearly five million dollars in gold of your money. Is n't that doing bravely for one Spanish town? It seems so to me.

The houses in Malaga are not like those I see in this country, neither are the streets. I am afraid you would not like the looks of our streets as well as your own; they are narrow and winding, and I must confess, though reluctant to admit it, not very clean. Our houses, which are generally painted yellow or merely whitewashed, have flat roofs, surrounded by square towers with open galleries; and here the people like to sit and enjoy the cool sea breezes. I used to watch the children going and coming from school in my far-off home; but they looked at me with different eyes from those I see now, — they were large, dark, and lustrous, so liquid, soft, and beautiful, I have never seen such away from my sunny land.

I suppose the most wonderful object of which Malaga boasts is a great Moorish castle built in the year 1279, which covers the slope of a hill to the east of the city. In the year 1487 it was besieged, and the effects of the Christian artillery can still be plainly seen. Then we have schools, hospitals, an iron foundry, an immense tobacco factory, and a splendid cathedral, while our harbor would admit the entrance at once of a great fleet, it is so wide and spacious.

Do you wonder that my mates and I feel like strangers in a strange land, when we think of the miles of broad ocean and land which separate us from the genial spot where we grew?

We were allowed to become large and luscious, and hang in great tempting clusters until fully ripe. Then we were carefully cut from the vine and placed on a stone floor where the hot sun could pour down on us, making our juices sweeter still and more thick and glutinous. So gradual was the process by which this final ripening was effected, that our skin, instead of bursting with its richness of juice and pulp, slowly dried and seamed and darkened, until we were ready to be placed in layers in the boxes in which we were sent forth sweet travellers to far foreign shores.

I could not tell you through how many hands I passed after leaving the vine on which I once serenely hung in my fair, far distant Malaga. First, there was the gatherer, who guardedly snipped our cluster from the parent stem. Then there were the men who placed us in long even rows on the stone floor; then those who moistened and packed us, those who weighed us, those who took us to the vessel, those who received us there, those who removed us when we landed; then the various ones who sent us by rail, express, and wagon to our present destination in the grocery.

Only think how small I am to have had so much care and attention! And through all the handling and travelling, I still form one of an unbroken cluster of pressed grapes. It really seems to me some great, invisible Power, wiser and stronger than men, must have taken care of me through so much of journeying and change. Of course a little raisin can't know much of such things, but I suppose all you little American school-children know just who made you and takes care of you and brings you safely through the dangers seen and unseen.

And if one little raisin needs so much care and tending to make it grow and ripen as it should, surely children must need a great deal more. Yes; there must be something over and above it all which a little raisin can't understand; but it never, never could have been just the gardener who made me grow, nor could the vessel of itself have brought me safely so many miles; but I do not know the name of the Power that did it all.

Everybody likes to do good, but not one in a hundred *finds this out.* Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil, since God made the world.

LEND-A-HAND PAPERS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

NO. I.

"Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand."

These mottoes are the mottoes of clubs scattered all over the world. The clubs are known under different names. We have Wadsworth Clubs, Look-up Legions, Lend-a-Hand Clubs, and $10 \times 1 = 10$ Clubs. There are other names, but usually the clubs founded on these mottoes take one of these four names.

A year since an Order, as they like to call it, was founded in New York, called the "King's Daughters." This Order is based on the four mottoes given above, with the addition of "In His name," which many of the clubs also use, and the initials of which are upon the little Maltese-cross badges which both the clubs and the order wear.

Do you know the origin of these mottoes? The story is a very simple one, — the story of a short life, but a life of one of God's children who knew he was a child of God and tried to carry on his Father's work. In 1870 Rev. Edward Everett Hale published the story of this life. He called the book "Ten Times One is Ten," and the name of the hero Harry Wadsworth, whose real name, however, was Frederick William Greenleaf. At the age of about thirty, Harry Wadsworth died. He began life as a fireman on a locomotive. At his death he was at the head of the freight department of one of our largest railroads. The same faithfulness which he showed as an engineer he showed as head of the freight department. The simple doing of the duty next at hand, which was his characteristic in the beginning, was his characteristic all through life. The cheerful helping hand and kind word to all who came in contact with him, were the same at all times.

So it was that Mr. Hale tried to show the magic of the name which recalled not great deeds, but loving ones, and the power of a life which looked up and not down, which looked cheerfully forward and not backward, which looked out and not in, and was always ready with the helping hand.

People saw at once the effect which a life with these mottoes might and did produce. Before the year 1870 was ended we find the original "Ten." Among the number, perhaps the best known was Mrs. Jackson (H. H.), now no longer living.

From that time on the clubs have increased. There is little machinery about them. Ten people meet and adopt the mottoes. They are then a Wadsworth Club. The details of their club they are free to arrange as they like, — to build on the mottoes being the only requirement.

In 1874 the Look-up Legion was organized by Miss Lathbury, then the editor of the *Bay Window* of the "Sunday-School Advocate." In 1880 this branch alone numbered several thousand members, and stretched to all parts of the world. It is now one of the largest children's temperance organizations in the country. Miss Lathbury drew up the following pledge, which is universally accepted by the Legion: —

"We, the undersigned, wish to be manly (or womanly) and Christian in our character; and we therefore pledge

ourselves to be, as far as we are able, truthful, unselfish, cheerful, hopeful, and helpful; to use our influence always for the right, and never fear to show our colors. We also pledge ourselves to use our voice and our influence against intemperance, the use of vulgar or profane language, the use of tobacco, affectation in dress or manner, disrespect to the old, ill-treatment of the young or unfortunate, and cruelty to animals. We will aid and support each other in carrying out this pledge and the spirit of our motto."

In 1882 the clubs had increased so much that it was thought desirable to publish monthly reports of their work. This the Welcome and Correspondence Club did for two years, and with success as their letter-book shows.

When the magazine "Lend a Hand" was started in 1886 one department was reserved in the interests of these clubs. If space permitted, that department could now be doubled with the reports of work done. The readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY will there find methods of work and organization more fully told, and the reports of the various branches of this wide-spread family. We give here some short extracts from reports of the clubs. Here is what a little girl, who has been forming a Ten-Times-One Club, writes. The members of her club are scattered over the United States, Canada, and Europe: —

"The first *real* work that I want to have done in our club is this: I want to have each member on Christmas Day 'lend a hand' to some one whom they would not ordinarily help. I think that all will accept the idea favorably; so I am going to send off a letter this week to each member."

A Look-up Legion in Massachusetts has a grandmother. They have adopted an old lady helpless from paralysis. "It is meant that some of them shall go and see her every week, to read, sing, or talk with her, and carry her something to cheer her heart."

A Lend-a-Hand Club of girls in Vermont, the eldest only twelve years old, makes the clothes for a little baby boy in Boston. Not only do they dress the boy, but their boxes are so generous, that a little girl of the same age often comes in for a share.

A Harry Wadsworth Club in Springfield has opened a free Reading-room for boys. The room is centrally located and homelike in its appointments. Books and games are scattered about, and homeless boys love dearly to come to the bright, warm, cheerful room where they are always sure of a good time.

A Look-up Legion in Virginia sends a most interesting account of its work and tells how the meetings close: —

"We always close our meetings by what we call 'putting on our gloves.' We hold our hands just as if we were putting on a pair of gloves, and as we push on each finger of the glove, we repeat the line belonging to it, as follows: —

RIGHT HAND.

Thumb	Don't cheat.
First finger	Don't lie.
Second finger	Don't steal.
Third finger	Don't swear.
Fourth finger	Never begin.

LEFT HAND.

Thumb	Don't covet.
First finger	Don't smoke.
Second finger	Don't chew.
Third finger	Don't drink.
Fourth finger	Never begin.

The children are asked to wear these all the week, and be careful not to tear any of the fingers."

Let us all, young and old, put on our gloves, and go forth to do God's work wherever we find it.

THE SEA OF GALILEE AND THE DEAD SEA.

A Sunday-School Exercise for Younger Classes.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

Teacher. Take your maps, children, and find me two seas or lakes of Palestine. Who can tell what they are?

Ethel. I find the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea.

Teacher. What is their position?

Harry. The Sea of Galilee is north of Jerusalem, and the Dead Sea is south of it.

Daisy. The Sea of Galilee is in the Province of Galilee, and the Dead Sea is in Judea.

Teacher. How far apart are they? Take the little measuring-strips we prepared and find the distance in a straight line.

Philip. They are about seventy miles apart.

Teacher. What lies between them?

Children. The River Jordan.

Teacher. Can you tell me anything about the Jordan?

Ruth. Jesus was baptized in the Jordan.

Teacher. I want you to try and remember what I tell you about the Jordan. It is a very interesting subject.

The Sea of Galilee is five hundred and sixty feet higher than the Dead Sea. The Jordan rushes along in a deep trench; high cliffs line its sides a great part of its course. There are fertile lands on each side of the river, but very few people live there now.

Can any one tell me about the Dead Sea?

Fanny. I have read that its waters are very salt and bitter.

Harry. Papa's friend, Mr. Lee, who has been there, says that there is oil and a pitchy scum on the top. They tried to bathe in it; but wherever there was a scratch on the body the water made it burn and smart.

Teacher. The sea is so full of salt, oil, and pitch, that no fish can live in its waters, and no flowers or grass can grow on its shores.

Look at the map again. What can you tell me about the Sea of Galilee?

Ethel. It has some cities on its shores, — Capernaum and Tiberias.

Teacher. In Jesus' time there were nine busy cities on its shores. What should you think would be the business of their inhabitants?

Fanny. I should think fishing, and perhaps goods were brought to them across the lake.

Teacher. Jesus loved this beautiful lake, and often used to walk by its shores. One day he met Simon and Andrew mending their nets. What did he say to them?

Philip. He said, "Follow me," and they left their nets and went with him.

Teacher. At another time he was out in a boat with his disciples and a storm came up. Madge, can you tell me about it?

Madge. I think he was asleep, and the disciples were frightened. They woke him up, and begged him to save them. He said, "Peace, be still," and the storm stopped, and the disciples were no longer afraid.

Teacher. Does any one know why the Dead Sea is so salty and poisonous, so different from the Sea of Galilee?

Philip. In our geography lesson last week we learned that the great Salt Lake was salt because it had no outlet.

Teacher. That is just it. The Jordan brings along all the mineral substances it finds in the soil, and as the Dead Sea has no stream running out of it, they stay there, making the whole land about barren and desolate.

Which lake do you like best, children, — which do you think is the more useful?

Children. Sea of Galilee.

Teacher. Why?

Ruth. It is the more useful because things can grow on its shores, and fish can live in its waters.

Teacher. Why is the Dead Sea dead?

Children. It has no outlet.

Teacher. I want you to remember this from the lesson: It is only flowing water that is safe, sweet, and pure. Standing water grows foul and deadly. It is only by *giving* to others that we keep our lives good and sweet and true. We must give constantly, as the river is always giving its water to the land about it. We may think of the Sea of Galilee as the emblem of generous love, and the Dead Sea as that of selfishness. God gives us everything we have: let us give as freely. Let us give love, kindness, self-sacrifice, to others.

Here is a little verse I want you to learn. It is from the words of Jesus: —

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

BAND OF HOPE MOTTO.

B LESS them which curse you. — Matt. v. 44.
A bound in love. — 1 Thess. iii. 12.
N ot bear false witness. — Ex. xx. 16.
D epart from evil. — Psalm xxxiv. 14.

O vercome evil with good. — Rom. xii. 21.
F ight the good fight of faith. — 1 Tim. vi. 12.

H old fast that which is good. — 1 Thess. v. 21.
O bey your parents. — Eph. vi. 1.
P ut on the whole armour of God. — Eph. vi. 2.
E nter not into temptation. — Matt. xxvi. 41.

MISSIONARY AND CHARITABLE WORK FOR OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "What other charitable work is there for our Unitarian Sunday-schools to take up besides that of the Children's Mission?" To this inquiry we would reply —

I. There is the Missionary Work of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. This work is of three kinds: —

(1) Assisting newly organized schools by giving them service-books, hymnals, manuals, papers, library-books, etc. In this way a Sunday-school is often helped to a vigorous growth before the society is strong enough to engage a pastor or build a church.

(2) Giving away several hundred copies of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY to feeble schools, to mission schools, to colored children in the South, to orphan homes, and other benevolent institutions all over the country.

(3) Donating Sunday-school supplies of every kind to feeble schools connected with churches that have been long established, but are now partly dependent on outside aid.

This kind of missionary work is steadily increasing, and the Sunday-School Society can use to good advantage all donations sent to it for this purpose by the Sunday-schools. Is it not well to train up children to systematic giving in aid of distinctively religious and educational enterprises? Too often our Unitarian children grow up with the idea that charity begins and ends with feeding the hungry and clothing the destitute.

II. There is the excellent work of the Boston South End Industrial School. This school is carried on by a Board of Managers representing several of the Unitarian Churches in Boston. The object is the industrial training of poor boys and girls, combined with the cultivation of a generous, truthful, and helpful spirit. There are departments in dressmaking, drawing, printing, cooking, house-keeping, sewing, and carpentry. The treasurer's address is Mr. Wm. H. Varney, 32 High Street, Boston. The Third Annual

Report of the school is just out, and gives valuable information about the work that has been accomplished.

III. There is the Southern and Indian educational work of the American Unitarian Association. General Marshall, at the American Unitarian Association Building, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, is ready to receive donations in aid of the Tuskegee school, or to help the mission to the Crow Indians under the charge of Rev. H. F. Bond and wife. General Marshall will gladly give all needed information about either of these branches of practical Unitarian missionary work.

It would greatly increase the interest of the children in their Sunday-schools if they were made acquainted with these various branches of our charitable and missionary work, and taught to contribute regularly to one or more of them.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. E. E. Hale's Lecture-talks at Channing Hall on *The Connection between the Old and New Testaments* have been very interesting to the large class that has assembled there on Thursday afternoons in February. On March 10 Rev. S. H. Winkley begins the closing series of the present course, which will consist of four "Talks" on *Sunday-School Teaching*. An additional lecture by Rev. Dr. Clarke is partly promised, the subject to be *The Miracles of Jesus*.

It is gratifying to learn that one of the manuals published by our Sunday-School Society is soon to be honored by a translation into a foreign tongue. We refer to Dr. James Freeman Clarke's excellent book entitled, "A Manual of Unitarian Belief," which is shortly to be issued in the Welsh language, for the use of children in the Sunday-schools of Wales.

In speaking of the testimonial recently given to Superintendent H. H. Ceiley, of the Arlington Sunday-School, we inadvertently wrote that the gift of the school was twenty-five dollar-pieces, which would make but twenty-five dollars; whereas the actual contribution was *twenty five-dollar pieces*, or one hundred dollars in all. There is great virtue in always "rightly dividing" our words.

PROMOTING CLASS PUNCTUALITY.

There is a class character as well as a school character in every good Sunday-school. And there ought to be a class feeling as well as a school feeling in the mind of every loyal scholar and teacher. In a recent number of the "Sunday-School Times," a superintendent gives this report of what he has done in this direction: —

"At the time of beginning our service the teacher writes the names of those present in his class, and immediately sends it to the desk. The class that has the highest percentage present is the banner class for that day, and its name is written on the black-board at the close of lesson study, remaining there for one week. At the end of the quarter the class having the highest percentage of punctuality is the banner class for the next quarter, and a banner with 'Punctual Attendance' on it is given to it for the quarter. If the teacher is not punctual, the class gets no standing."

The form of report by the teacher is a simple list of the scholars present in the class at the opening of the school. It has a printed heading comprising the name of the school with blanks for the date of the report.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

How can older pupils be best influenced to become active members of the church?

One might answer this question by saying, By beginning when they are very young. We shall never know by experience what is the best way to this result, and how much the best it is, till our children are started from home with the idea that they are vitally related, and are expected to become actively related, to the church. Then if the Sunday-school distinctly reinforces the teaching, the result will be easily attained.

Beginning with "older pupils," one has before him a delicate and difficult task. But there is no roundabout way. One must go directly to the person and present the subject to him, or her, privately, as an individual matter, perhaps again and again. If you can prevail upon one to accept your invitation, in nine cases out of ten another will follow. Take the most promising person and begin.

Shall classes be composed of both boys and girls?

Co-education works well in the public school, and there would seem to be no *a priori* objection to it in Sunday-school classes. As a matter of fact, however, many of our Sunday-schools have not a single class made up of both boys and girls; and in other schools such mixed classes are the rare exception. Perhaps some teacher or superintendent can tell us why this custom of separate classes for boys and girls has become almost the fixed rule in Sunday-schools.

What mission-work, besides that of the Children's Mission, *of Boston, can our Sunday-schools assist?*

This question is of such practical importance that we have answered it at length in a separate article in this number of our paper.

What can you tell us about Harry Wadsworth Clubs *and* Look-up Legions *in our Unitarian Sunday-schools?*

We have, unfortunately, no statistics bearing on this point; but we think such Clubs are not as numerous in our schools as they are in those of other denominations. This is certainly a remarkable fact, since the founder of all these Lend-a-hand Clubs is one of our own ministers, and also because such unions for good work are the natural fruits of our Unitarian teaching. Will not some of our ministers or Sunday-school superintendents "rise and explain"? Meanwhile, we call attention to Mrs. Whitman's interesting "Lend-a-hand Papers," the first of which appears in the present number of Every Other Sunday.

If a pupil wants to go into a certain class and the superintendent wishes her to join another, which is better to do, — as she wishes, or as he wishes?

A collision of wishes, or rather of wills, is to be avoided in the Sunday-school. Of course the authority to arrange the classes must rest with the superintendent; but in most cases the exercise of kindly tact will avoid the necessity of appealing to authority. Persuasion is a more potent force than command in such cases as our correspondent supposes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

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The price of these Services is 5 cents a single copy. 25 copies, $1.00; 100 copies, $3.50.

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